This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

PS
3503
.E5325
H4
1920

HEAVENS AND EARTH

UC-NRLF
B 3 710 850

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

HEAVENS AND EARTH

HEAVENS AND EARTH

A BOOK OF POEMS

BY
STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
1920

Univ. Library, UC Santa Cruz 1988

COPYRIGHT, 1920
BY
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

PS
3503
E5325
H4
1990

TO
GEORGE THEODORE ACHELIS
1897—1920

Grateful acknowledgment is made to *Ainslie's Magazine, The Bowling Green, Books and the Book World, The Dial, The New Republic, Romance, Sun, The Sun Dial, The Yale Review* and *The Yale Literary Magazine* for permission to reprint poems included in this volume.

CONTENTS

TWO VISIONS OF HELEN

PAGE

THE FIRST VISION OF HELEN 3
THE LAST VISION OF HELEN 9

CHARIOTS AND HORSEMEN

THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS 21
TWO AT THE CROSSROADS 23
SIR JOHN RIMBECK TO THE PRINCESS OF ACRE 25
THREE DAYS' RIDE 26
THE PLOW (*A New England Tragedy*) 30

THE TALL TOWN

COLLOQUY OF THE STATUES (*The Avenue. Night Before Pershing's Parade*) 39
LUNCH-TIME ALONG BROADWAY 41
THE WALKERS (*Strike Pickets — Lower Fifth Ave.*) . . 42
8:30 A. M. ON 32ND STREET 44
CHANSON AT MADISON SQUARE 46
HYMN IN COLUMBUS CIRCLE. (*After Seeing a Certain Window Display*) 48

APPLES OF EDEN

THE ETCHER 51
GRAND LARCENY 53
NOVEMBER PROTHALAMION 55
EXPRESSIONS NEAR THE END OF WINTER 57
LOST LIGHTS 58

CONTENTS

PAGE

COME BACK! 60
RESURRECTION (*To J. W. A.*) 62
FLOOD-TIDE (*Maine Coast — 1917*) 65
THE SONG OF COLD AND PAIN 67
WISDOM-TEETH 69

THE KINGDOM OF THE MAD

THE ORIGINAL IMPULSE 75
LUNCH AT A CITY CLUB (*For, though not to, D. M. C.*) . 76
THE KNOCKOUT 77
DEVOURER OF NATIONS 78
ABRAHAM'S BOSOM 79
PROHIBITION 80
MORTUARY PARLORS 81
TALK 82
NEARSIGHT 83
BEFORE MICHAEL'S LAST FIGHT 84
ALWAYS THE SONNETTEER 85
PORTRAIT OF YOUNG LOVE 86
TWO MORE MUSES 87
OPERATION (*For J. F. C., Jr.*) 88
THE TRAPEZE PERFORMER (*For C. M.*) 89
EPITAPH TO BE SPOKEN 90
JUDGMENT 91
BOARDING-HOUSE HALL 92
BLOOD BROTHERS 93
WATCHMEN 94
"LES CRUCHES CASSÉES" 95
P. P. C.— MADAM LIFE 96
POSITIVELY THE LAST PERFORMANCE 97

TWO VISIONS OF HELEN

THE FIRST VISION OF HELEN

Argument — Itys, nurtured by centaurs, meets and falls in love with Helen of Troy, before her marriage with Menelaus. What befell therefrom.

Slowly blanch-handed Dawn, eyes half-awake,
Upraised magnificent the silver urn,
Heaped with white roses at the trembling lip,
Flowers that burn with crystalline accord
And die not ever. Like a pulsing heart
Beat from within against the fire-loud verge
A milky vast transparency of light
Heavy with drowning stars; a swimming void *Morning.*
Of august ether, formless as the cloud,
And light made absolute. The mountains sighed,
Turning in sleep. Dawn held the frozen flame
An instant high above the shaggy world,
Then, to the crowing of a thousand cocks,
Poured out on earth the unconquerable sun!

The centaurs awoke! they aroused from their beds of pine,
Their long flanks hoary with dew, and their eyes, deep-drowned
In the primal slumber of stones, stirred bright to the shine!
And they stamped with their hooves and their gallop abased the ground!

Swifter than arrowy birds in an eager sky, *The Running of the Centaurs.*
White-browed kings of the hills where old Titans feast,
— Cheiron ordered the charge with a neighing cry,
And the thousand hunters tramped like a single beast!

Beautiful monstrous dreams they seemed as they ran,
Trees come alive at the nod of a god grown mute!
Their eyes looked up to the sun like a valiant man;
Their bows clashed shrill on the loins and limbs of the brute!

Laughing, rejoicing, white as a naked birch,
Slim as a spear in a torrent of moving towers,
Itys, the prince, ran gay in the storm of their search,
Silverly shod on feet that outstripped the Hours!

Over by Sparta bays a horn!
Ohé, Helena!
Over by Sparta bays a horn!
And the black hound grins to his milk-teeth torn;
And the tall stag wishes he 'd never been born!
Helena hunts on the hills!

Past the Eurotas the chase sweeps hot!
Ohé, Helena!
Past the Eurotas the chase sweeps hot!
And the pack has nosed at a royal slot!
And a white-armed girl has a magic lot!
Helena hunts on the hills!

Echoed at Elis the dogs give tongue!
Ohé, Helena!
Echoed at Elis the dogs give tongue!
The stag flees on but his mort is sung!
And the world and Helen are very young!
Helena hunts on the hills!

The Hunting of Helen.

Down by Argos the flight is stayed!
Ohé, Helena!
Down by Argos the flight is stayed!
And proud blood stifles the reeking blade!

And they cut the tongue for the golden maid!
Helena hunts on the hills!

Over in Troy by a kingly door,
Ohé, Helena!
Over in Troy by a kingly door,
Hector's sword is asleep from war!
"Wait!" whines the bitter steel, "Two years more!"
Helena hunts on the hills!

So the two molten clamors fused a space
As silver marries brass to make a bell,
Then thrust apart and vanished, save for some
Faint interlocking tentacles of sound
That chimed to Itys. Something halted him
From the swift gallop and the embracing air,
Put in him troubling languor, drove him out
To rest beside a round coin of a pool,
Casually flung among a cloud of pines.
He dreamed as a dog dreams, uneasily.

The dreams blow North and South.
Pitiless-bright they gleam.
Send, Zeus, a flower across my mouth!
The wing of a silver dream!

Itys Dreams

The visions smoke from the deep,
Bannering East and West.
Guide, Zeus, the stumbling old feet of Sleep,
That bring a dream to my breast!

I have gazed in immaculate eyes!
My soul is a flame astream!
Zeus, strike swift from the raging skies,
That I may die with my dream!

He waked and saw two hounds, tugging their leash,
Burst through the covert, and heard laughter bell
Like a clear stream as Helen followed them.
They drank, were quiet. Itys stood at gaze; *Itys Beholds Helen*
Seeing in all things one miraculous face,
And how her tunic left one bright breast bare,
And how she smoothed her hair back with one hand. . . .
But very presently he was aware
That some one not himself possessed his voice
And used it now to talk with — babbling words
Foolish and laughable to that still Beauty.

Tempest from the valiant sky,
Music of the shaken reed,
Can a thousand kisses buy
You and April, mine indeed?
Fling the dice and let them lie!

Not a joy from all your mind
Will you toss me, beggar's dole,
And you never would be kind *Itys' Song*
Though I kissed your very soul!
Race the coursers up the wind!

Queen of desperate alarms,
Though Destruction be the priest
That must bring me to your arms,
He shall wed our bones at least!
Life was vintage, borage-crowned,
Pour the cup upon the ground!

Vines grow in my garden;
Blossoms a snake in size.
Sun warms and knife-winds harden,
Till the silk-stained globes arise;
And men peer over the hedges
With fury come in their eyes.

Pears grow in my garden;
Honey a wild bee clips.
Robbers afraid of pardon,
The princes steal from their ships,
And pluck the fruit of iniquity
And take it not from their lips.

Helen's Song

Fate grows in my garden;
Black as a cypress shoot.
Sleepily smiles the warden,
Guarding the gorgeous loot,
Seeing the Tree, Deliciousness,
And the tall lords dead at its root!

Their lips broke from the kiss. Helena sighed,
Then started up, afraid. Straight toward the pool
Rending the brake with hounds, shouting aloud,
Crashed like a cast spear the returning chase.
"Itys!" she said, "My brothers. They will kill."
He looked down at his hands that held no sword.
Helena's hounds belled answer to their pack.
Swift as a closing hand, unreal as dream,
Danger shut down around them.
"Dear" he said.
Pollux, the shining-speared, burst through the leaves.

The Death of Itys

After the slaying, wide-eyed Helen paused
To clasp the dead hands loosely, and unhook
A swaying torque of gold from the white neck
That it might burn, a sun, between her breasts.
— The chase passed with hot noon, and in the cool
A straying centaur came, snuffed the new blood
And, seeing Itys dead, neighed in loud fear;
Calling the hairy tramplers of the woods
To mourn their friend with strange solemnities.

Close his eyes with the coins; bind his chin with the shroud;
Carry this clay along, in the time of the westing cloud;
Lay you the cakes beside, for the three-mouthed dog of Hell; *Death-Chant of The Centaurs*
Slain on the grass in fight, surely his end is well.

Love was the wind he sought, ignorant whence it went;
Now he has clasped it close, silent and eloquent;
Slow as the stream and strong, answering knee to knee,
Carry this clay along — it is more wise than we.

The chanting died away upon the hills,
Sobbingly low.
And Night reversed the urn; *Night*
Drawing all sunlight back to the hot deeps,
And leaving the high heavens full of stars.

THE LAST VISION OF HELEN

Argument — Helen, after the fall of Troy, departs to Egypt with ghostly companions, as in the old tale. She encounters the Sphinx and a marvel is wrought upon her.

Measureless sand . . . interminable sand . . .

The smooth hide of that yellow lion, Earth,
Ruffled a little and was dark again
Beneath the descending torrents of the night,
Plunging like cobalt from the cliffs of the sky,
Blotting the stiff wedge of each pyramid
With the slow gurgle of a rising wave,
A wave burning with stars. . . .
The Sphinx alone
Couched on her forepaws like a sleepy hound
Under the weight of a caress of rock
And smiled her woman's and chimera's smile
Inexorably, drowned with the savage dark.

The black tide filled the heavens up and ceased,
A little tongueing flame ran on the sand
Bright as a fire of paper, swift and light
As a bird's restless eyes. It rose. It bloomed,
An angry dream before the Sphinx's feet,
The exhalation of a furious thought,
Tall as the ghosts of Heaven's battlements,
The apparition that had once been Troy!

A girl went out in the summer skies,
(*The dice lie white for the throwing!*)
A girl went out in the summer skies
And the sunlight laughed as it kissed her eyes!
(*And the wind of Fate is blowing!*)

Song of the City Troy

She was ruddy and gold as a changing leaf
When gilded Autumn gathers the sheaf.

She was lily and pale as a sleeping moth
When the full moon bleaches the skies like cloth.

The grass was glad to be under her shoe,
The poppy proud to be floor unto
The silvering dance of her feet like dew!

. . . But her lord walks chill as a cloud of snow
Where the kings of the earth are bending the bow.

They are roaring the fame of the flying dart,
But he whispers low, in a place apart,
With the evil ice of his freezing heart.

"Helena, Helena, mouth of wine,
Two more days for your sun to shine!

Helena, Helena, mouth of musk,
Two more days and I make you dusk.

Two more nights on your silky bed,
And your lover over it, bloody and dead,
And your body broken as I break bread!"

His lips are writhing, sucking and cold,
His hands are twitching like trees grown old,
He shivers as if he had trod on mold.

The *Golden Queen* at her anchor strains.
(*Sails on the sapphire, snowing*)
Paris walks on the deck like a man in chains.
(*And the wind of Fate is blowing.*)

He wastes in his love like leaves in a flame,
But his mind is a spear in a dauntless game,
And the face of his doom has a girl's soft name.

The fifty sailors are whetting their swords.
The brown sun beats on the tarry boards.

And Helena skims by the rolling sand
And waves with the fleck of a foam-white hand.

And the blood of Youth pounds hot in the throat
As the long oars lash from the lunging boat.

Richly she came through the leaping green,
Like the shrine of a god, like a sun first seen,
And they cried " Hurrah for the Golden Queen! "

The white sails soar like a rising gull,
The water spins by the speeding hull.

She smiles with her chin cupped into her hand
At the drowning shadow of fading land
— And Paris shakes like a torching brand.

And Paris crushes her, breath to breath,
And she gives him her honey of love and death.

But chill Menelaus a Fury hath,
He has thawed his hate to a roaring wrath!
He is loosing his hounds on the ocean-path!

The blooms of the years are withered and fall.
(*Dawn — and a red flame crowing*)
And Time's cracked fingers number them all.
(*And the wind of Fate is blowing.*)

And a wooden horse is trampling Troy
As a hoof-thrust crushes a crumpling toy.

Ruddy and gold where the torches stare
Helena sits in her carven chair.

Lovely and strange as a moonlit cloud —
But her head droops down like a petal bowed.

Beneath her the blood and the wine run deep
— But her eyes are seas more quiet than sleep.

The drunkards brawl and the cup goes round;
But she gives no sign and she makes no sound.

Red Menelaus has poured her drink;
And she does not sip and she does not shrink.

And her mouth is a flower that says "Depart!"
And the hilt of a knife is under her heart.

The kings of the world have finished their chase,
They dash their wine in the glorious face.

And Paris is dead in a sickly land;
And they wrench the rings from the plume-white hand.

They dice for her rings and the game is sweet
And lean Menelaus is smiling sleet.

And the captains chuckle, counting their scars,
For the hosts of the earth have finished their wars
And Helen and Troy are cold as the stars.

Waves in the dusk with a sound like tears
(*And the deep tide foaming and flowing*)
Saying one name for a thousand years!
(*And the wind of Fate is blowing!*)

Like air beaten by swords, like the long cry
Of an old trumpet harsh with rust and gold
The ballad rose assaulting, struck and died
Into a clamorous echo.

The Sphinx stirred,
Shaking the drifted moonlight from her coat
As a dog shakes water, rising mountainously;
Then from that drum of terrible stone, her throat,
Rolled back her answer at the enormous sky.

The Song of the Sphinx

The arrow of Eros flies
In the dark, in the trembling dark;
Piercing and sweet is the song it cries
And the cup of the heart its mark!
And the cup of the heart is dust,
And the wine of the heart is spilled.
And the barb flings whimpering back to Lust
With "Master, see — I have killed!"
It was thus and thus that you were begot!
I am Death's bright arrow! Forgive me not!

The ribbon of Fate unreels
In the road of the days and nights;

There are flute-voiced airs for the dancing heels,
But over them hang the kites!
And the path grows dark as the laws
And the kites drop down in a ring,
Till a blind stag torn by the slashing claws
Is the end of the trumpeting!
It is there and there that your fathers rot!
I am Destiny's halter! Unloose me not!

The mirror of Wisdom shines
Like a face in a troubled pool.
Like the eyes of a snake are its weaving signs
To the eyes of the anxious fool.
For the secret form of the soul
Is there in its terror shown
— And it rends the sight like a crumbling coal
Till the eyes of the fool are stone!
It was this and this that your ardor sought!
I am Wisdom's mirror! Behold me not!

Then, like a forgotten tumult of the heart,
The multitude of men who died for Helen,
Vague, terrible, wounded forms began to chant.

Song of the Men of Helen

Glance at us once from your sacred tower,
Helen divine!
The cutworm crawls in the almond-flower,
The rats are eating the thrones of power,
Yet glance at us once and the clouds will shower
Our lips with wine!

Loosen your hair to the storm again,
To the whistling brine!
We are very desperate men,

Reeds when fire goes over the fen,
Lighten our dark with your marvel then,
Helen divine!

Give us drink for our bitter thirst,
Helen divine!
Bless you the thieves that each priest has cursed,
Queen of us, queen of us, last and first,
Flame we followed and child we nursed,
Star at trine!

Open the heaven of your embrace,
Oh burning sign!
This is the end of the bloody race,
Whispering sea and the stars like lace,
You gather our souls to your shining place,
Helen divine!

The thunder ebbed away into a sigh,
Died into sand, was calm.
And suddenly
Helen of anguish, Helen of the song,
Helen the victory on the lips of Zeus,
Helen the princely word, the proud despair,
The voiceless cry of the ecstatic dream,
Shone with the radiance of a consuming wish
Upon the desert, and stretched out her arms
As if to take that whole great ghost of Troy,
Pennon and panoply, champion and car,
Back to its home, her breast.

Helen's Song

Would there ever be a bud
If the sap considered storm?
It would stay in happy mud,

Damned and sleepy, safe and warm!
Who would want to be a rose
If its petals thought of snows?

Why I lived I never knew.
Life — I took it like a toy,
Something like a worship, too,
To adore and to enjoy.
Then the gods began to play
— And the toy was put away.

Like a perfume made intense,
Like the planet of a dark,
I became magnificence
For my hour, in my spark,
There is rapture in my ghost,
Telling all my least and most.

Fate and Wisdom, judging loud,
These are shadows I can mock
With the thoughtlessness of cloud,
With the indolence of rock.
Let them air the inn they keep!
I am tired. I would sleep.

So, with the pause, all earth and sky were still
As if they had just been made — and the Sphinx lay
Silent, engulfed in silence.
Then she moved
Uneasily, and settled back again,
And in a low harshness of diminished sound
Spoke out her final judgment.

Zeus of the silver dawning took the scarf of a cloud,
He quickened the wraith with fire till the life cried out aloud,

He called Desire from his lightning, Despair from her weaving old,
And they fashioned the shape to a woman that men might die to behold!

The Last Song of the Sphinx

Golden Zeus of the sunbeam slapped his hand on his thigh
As the swords ran out of their scabbards and the arrows sang in the sky,
And the woman like leafy April was the chant that an archer sings
Over sands grown bloody with purple that has come from the hearts of kings!

Zeus of the brazen twilight, nodding his eyes awake,
Armed him a doom for Helen lest Earth burn up for her sake;
Chill on the heart of incense, the hands that desired so much,
Fell the snow-like veil of his wisdom, till the flesh was still at its touch!

Iron Zeus of the night-time, watching the chariot moon
Trample the skies to whiteness, turns like a moving dune
To gaze at the shade of Helen. His eyes as the skies are vast;
Seeing her sleep like a swallow in Death's wide bed at last.

Helen stood
Within the tremendous circle of the paws,
Moving like light towards the dark secret heart.
The Sphinx cried terribly with a wordless sound
Of birth and anguish struggling to be heard . . .
And the light vanished . . .
And Helen and the Sphinx
Were one forever, stone and ghost and dream —
And Troy was gone like vapor in the dark.

So the dawn came, and toiling caravans,
Whose princes halted, arrogant as hawks,
To stare but once into the Sphinx's eyes
. . . And so were staring till Death breathed on them
With the slant feathers of his ruffling wing,
Seeking within the rock, the stubborn rock,
The gaze and burning of their Lost Desire.

CHARIOTS AND HORSEMEN

THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS

(Italy — 16th Century)

But what, by the fur on your satin sleeves,
The rain that drags at my feather
And the great Mercurius, god of thieves,
Are we thieves doing together?

Last night your blades bit deep for their hire,
And we were the sickled barley.
To-night, atoast by the common fire,
You ask me to join your parley.

Your spears are shining like Iceland spar,
The blood-grapes drip for your drinking;
For you folk follow the rising star,
I follow the star that's sinking!

My queen is old as the frosted whins,
Nay, how could her wrinkles charm me?
And the starving bones are bursting the skins
In the ranks of her ancient army.

You marshal a steel-and-silken troop,
Your cressets are fed with spices,
And you batter the world like a rolling hoop
To the goal of your proud devices.

I have rocked your thrones — but your fight is won.
To-night, as the highest bidder,
You offer a share of your brigand-sun,
Consider, old bull, consider!

Ahead, red Death and the Fear of Death,
Your vultures, stoop to the slaughter!
But I shall fight you, body and breath,
Till my life runs out like water!

My queen is wan as the Polar snows.
Her host is a rout of specters.
But I gave her Youth like a burning rose,
And her age shall not lack protectors!

I would not turn for the thunderclap
Or the face of the woman who bore me,
With her battered badge still scarring my cap,
And the drums of defeat before me!

Roll your hands in the honey of life!
Kneel to your white-necked strumpets!
You came to your crowns with a squealing fife
But I shall go out with trumpets!

Poison the steel of the plunging dart!
Holloa your hounds to their station!
I march to my ruin with such a heart
As a king to his coronation!

Your poets roar of your golden feats —
I have herded the stars like cattle.
And you may die in the perfumed sheets,
But I shall die in the battle!

TWO AT THE CROSSROADS

The knight of battered and unblazoned arms
Reined up before the haster from the South
Whose red shield bore the crookt beast Glatysaunt,
(Also a scroll with "Pray for me!" entwined
With flowers and poison-leaves and Iseult's name)
And cried "Where lies the sea-road?"; but the other
Seeming as mad as his own crest, replied
"Has the beast quested past you? have its dogs
Given sharp tongue along these drooping woods?
For I must follow them until I fall
Dead in some cleft of rock, and let the crabs
Hack at my armor till the Judgement Day!"
The first — "Whence come you, and for what your quest?"
"Palomides am I from Camelot,
Wretched Palomides whom dreams torment
Forever — of a cold proud little head,
A friendly hand that gives me the same love
It would to a familiar dog, a body
For which Sir Tristram and King Mark contend,
Wolves over a spilled bone . . . and yet this name,
This "Iseult" is a good thing for the sword,
And makes it cut through many helms and makes
Death very visible to heathen men . . .
. . . And I could sit with her on a green cliff
And watch the world die — if she were but tired
And soon would rest her head against my heart;
Not caring for the roughness of my mail
Not aught at all save that I held her close

And she and her child's love at last had peace . . .
So, Lord, what need were Heaven, Hell or quest?
No! I must follow winter! She will be
Doubtless betrayed and hurt — and I not there
To comfort her in any measure — well
Pray God some ax beat through my warding soon! —
I beg your grace, sir Knight — my dreams — you said? —

"I heard the quarrel and loud noise of hounds
More to the westward, by a little inn
That's badged with a dry bush."
"I must ride on!
Your road lies thither!"
Like a pawing storm
His horse beat down the valley and was gone
The stranger's face within the vizor wore
The look of one who, having had a gem
Some twelvemonth, finds it out of fashion, dulled
By others' praise perhaps — at any rate
Its turn gone past — a new stone to be found,
New tiger-hues . . .
Palomides was far.
And, settling well his harp upon his back,
With something of amusement in his mouth,
Tristram rode southward to the Breton ships.

SIR JOHN RIMBECK TO THE PRINCESS OF ACRE

Death comes like a glimpse of thin blue sky through the fog
of fight,
And the trident-flame of the mind fails, and the soul drinks
night.
But on shores unknown it arises! it is white of its ancient scars,
Arrayed with stars as a garment, beneath night's thick stars!

And now I must have died I think — and had this grace,
To look with new eyes for a moment, and to see one face
That fills my heart like a feasting where mailed kings break
bread,
You are kind as a poor man's alms, Lord, if I take this to the
dead!

Slowly the lights, the noise return, but they touch not me.
I, who knew not my chains at all, stand here free!
Sound the assay, white bugles! Shields, clash loud!
Fate and one face I follow, through a gate grown proud!

THREE DAYS' RIDE

" From Belton castle to Solway side,
Hard by the bridge, is three days' ride."

We had fled full fast from her father's keep,
And the time was come that we must sleep.

The first day was an ecstasy,
A golden mist, a burgeoning tree;
We rode like gods through a world new-made,
The hawthorn scented hill and glade,
A faint, still sweetness in the air —
And, oh, her face and the wind in her hair!
And the steady beat of our good steeds' hooves,
Bearing us northward, strong and fast,
To my high black tower, stark to the blast,
Like a swimmer stripped where the Solway moves!
And ever, riding, we chanted a song,
Challenging Fortune, loud and long,
" From Belton Castle to Solway side,
Strive as you may, is three days' ride! "

She slept for an hour, wrapped in my cloak,
And I watched her till the morning broke;
The second day — and a harsher land,
And gray bare hills on either hand;
A surly land and a sullen folk,
And a fog that came like bitter smoke.

The road wound on like a twisted snake,
And our horses sobbed as they topped the brake.
Till we sprang to earth at Wyvern Fen,
Where fresh steeds stamped, and were off again.
Weary and sleepless, bruised and worn,
We still had strength for laughter and scorn;
Love held us up through the mire and mist,
Love fed us, while we clasped and kissed,
And still we sang as the night closed in,
Stealthy and slow as a hidden sin,
"*From Belton Castle to Solway side,*
Ride how you will, is three days' ride."

My love drooped low on the black mare's back,
Drowned in her hair . . . the reins went slack . . .
Yet she could not sleep, save to dream bad dreams,
And wake all trembling, till at last
Her golden head lay on my breast.

At last we saw the first faint gleams
Of day. Dawn broke. A sickly light
Came from the withered sun — a blight
Was on the land, and poisonous mist
Shrouded the rotting trees, unkissed
By any wind, and black crags glared
Like sightless, awful faces, spared
From death to live accursed for ay.

Dragging slow chains the hours went by.
We rode on, drunk and drugged with sleep,
Too deadly weary now to say
Whether our horses kept the way
Or no — like slaves stretched on a heap
Of poisoned arrows. Every limb

Shot with sharp pain; pain seemed to swim
Like a red cloud before our eyes. . . .

The mist broke, and a moment showed,
Pricked clear against a splash of woad,
The spear-points where the hot chase rode.

Idly I watched them dance and rise
Till white wreaths wiped them out again . . .
My love jerked at the bridle rein;
The black mare, dying, broke her heart
In one swift gallop; for my part
I dozed; and ever in my brain,
Four hoofs of fire beat out refrain,
A dirge to light us down to death,
A silly rhyme that saith and saith,
"From Belton Castle to Solway side,
Though great hearts break, is three days' ride!"
The black mare staggered, reeled and fell,
Bearing my love down . . . a great bell
Began to toll . . . and sudden fire
Flared at me from the road, a pyre
It seemed, to burn our bodies in . . .
And I fell down, far down, within
The pit's mouth . . . and my brain went blind. . . .

I woke — a cold sun rose behind
Black evil hills — my love knelt near
Beside a stream, her golden hair
Streaming across the grass — below
The Solway eddied to and fro,
White with fierce whirlpools . . . my love turned. . . .
Thank God, some hours of joy are burned
Into the mind, and will remain,
Fierce-blazing still, in spite of pain!

They came behind us as we kissed,
Stealthily from the dripping mist,
Her brothers and their evil band.
They bound me fast and made me stand.
They forced her down upon her knees.
She did not strive or cry or call,
But knelt there dumb before them all —
I could not turn away my eyes —
There was no fear upon her face,
Although they slew her in that place.
The daggers rent and tore her breast
Like dogs that snarl above a kill,
Her proud face gazed above them still,
Seeking rest — Oh, seeking rest!
The blood swept like a crimson dress
Over her bosom's nakedness,
A curtain for her weary eyes,
A muffling-cloth to stop her sighs . . .
And she was gone — and a red thing lay
Silent, on the trampled clay.

Beneath my horse my feet are bound,
My hands are bound behind my back,
I feel the sinews start and crack —
And ever to the hoof-beats' sound,
As we draw near the gallows-tree,
Where I shall hang right speedily,
A crazy tune rings in my brain,
Four hoofs of fire tramp the refrain,
Crashing clear o'er the roaring crowd,
Steadily galloping, strong and loud,
" From Belton Castle to Solway side,
Hard by the bridge, is three days' ride! "

THE PLOW

(*A New England Tragedy*)

I

Habberton's plow!
John made it,
William stayed it,
Sharp the blade it bears till now!

Wind shadowed billows of rippling grass,
Under a sky as clear as glass.

And a road that wound like a crooked arm
Over a hill to Habberton's Farm!

Two stone posts and a gate between,
A well sweep, dripping and cool and green.

And a girl who strained in the August sun
For the thud of hoofs where the path lay dun;

For a cloud that grew in a moment's course
To the sweat and speed of a flying horse.

Though the dust lay white upon spur and shoe,
On the steaming flanks, and the trooper's blue,

When the ride was done and the reins hung slack,
And he swung her up to the bay's wet back
And kissed her brows in an arch of black!

Clung together, she heard him say,
"Three months more till our wedding day!

"Three months more and this purse 'll buy
The next two farms by the Mill Brook dry.

"And then long years of the kindly sun,
Children and work and the wild times done;
— And an end in peace that our hands have won.

"Here I'll bide till the morning comes,
Then go back for the last of the drums."

. . . The wind whined round them like a ghoul.
Into the doorway, still and cool,
They sank, a stone in a plumbless pool.

II

William Habberton drank his ale;
An iron man! An iron man!
— Without the first stars, cold and pale,
Streaked heaven with radiance milky-wan.

William Habberton sat at meat;
He frowned an oaken frown and stark.
The lovers cursed at Time, the fleet,
And stumbled, kissing, towards the dark.

And as they went the purse chinked thrice,
In chiming notes like clinking ice.

William Habberton eyed his guest;
Like stubborn flint was grown his stare.

He drew a parchment from his breast,
And looked, and saw his ruin there.

His fields beneath another's plow,
Another's seal stamped on his brow.

Black hound, Disaster, at his heel . . .
Hand crept to sheath and found the steel.

Out of the night the lovers came,
Their cheeks on fire, their lips like flame.

And twined once more, mouth fused to mouth,
Before the bitter three months' drouth.

She passed. Her candle shot with flares
The creaking mystery of the stairs.

The trooper watched each darling tread.
"A good night's rest!" the farmer said.

"And where sleep I?" his guest spoke free,
Oh white was William Habberton!
"Soft, soft and deep your bed shall be!
And you shall wake when day's begun!"

"Rest in the Blue Room as you may;
I'll light you on your lonely way."

The lantern like a secret fear,
Whispered and guttered at his ear.

The shadows mouthed at him to stay,
He staggered upward on his way.

Below, the house grew black and still,
As listening stood Habberton.
The moonlight's daggers stabbed the sill.
The dark wind rustled and was gone.

Then slowly, slowly, up the stair
One trod as if he trod on air.

The wavering silence closed around
A ghost that shook at every sound.

Up to the Blue Room's door he passed,
Gripping the blade unsheathed at last.

. . . . . .

Dawn filled the air with fire and foam
When William Habberton came home.

But sun had warmed the drowsy flies
Before he met his daughter's eyes.

A new-got purse knocked at his side;
Oh rich was William Habberton!
"You've mounted roses like a bride.
Take heed they be not withered soon."

. . . . . .

The dry leaves whirled in yellow and brown
Like the tattered rags of a beauty's gown.

And a chattering wind piped loud of snows
As the year went out as a sunset goes.

But Habberton's farm was heavy with dread,
And Elsie Habberton lay in bed,
And fought for breath with the gloom o'erhead.

For fever came, and a shadow came;
Her hot lips writhed to speak its name;
Till the sick fit passed and left her lame.

Bent as a windblown tree and weak,
But her soul was steel and her eyes were bleak.

"Wait you no more for hoofs to near?"
Thus mockingly spoke Habberton,
"And where's the picture of your dear
That kissed you in the August sun?"

Her breast her shaking hands did feel,
Where something stung them like a weal,
— She ground the picture under heel.

And the glad wind, and the loud rain
Beat at the shuttering eaves in vain,
And the aching summer comes again.

The grain stands high in the meadow now,
Save for one spot untouched by plow
Where two rocks meet on the hillside's brow.

"Habberton, lend me your powder horn!
For barren rocks I'll promise you corn!"

Answered Habberton, heavy of hand,
"I do as I please with my own land!"

And he strikes the stones with his oaken stick,
And a strange sound rings — and his smile turns sick.

III

The new years pass like a quick-turned page,
And Habberton's daughter links hands with Age.

Dusk and dawn, and new tasks are hers,
And the hot thoughts fade and remembrance blurs,
And her hate is starving and scarcely stirs.

For after the dust of twenty years
Her eyes have begun to remember tears.

The air was heavy with rain and Spring,
Still strong was William Habberton,
The black steeds made the coulters ring,
Plowing beneath a watery sun.

And at sunset Habberton stands alone,
And strains at the weight of a buried stone.

"Corn shall sprout from the stubborn clay,
For the rest has moldered with years away."

The stones are rolled to the edge of the fen.
He turns to the stilts of the plow again.

His daughter nears where the earth lies red,
And swiftly the furrow drives ahead.

Till the sharp blade crashes through crunching bone.
And a white thing rolls where the clods are thrown.

And crackling under the leader's shoe
Is a tarnished button, a scrap of blue.

Like icy wind his daughter spoke,
"Your plow is chained to a deadly yoke!"

Her fingers clawed within his coat.
His own knife gripped him at the throat.

"Rusty and dull, drive true, drive true!
You shall drink long for the work you do!"

She flung him at the horses' feet.
"Lie there who dared to touch my sweet!"

The whip slashed down as she whispered low,
"And now the plow, and now the plow!"

And over him, struggling, mad and seared,
The horrible mace of the plow upreared.

. . . Dumb she drove to the western gate.
"Fate and the furrow have cloven straight."

"Long to wait for the sheriff's men.
I will go back to my youth again."

Up to the curb she reeled and sank.
And the red knife nuzzled and tore and drank.

. . . A sallow moon swam over the rise . . .
And the horses stamped and rolled their eyes
At the coming and going of the flies.

Habberton's plow.
John made it
William stayed it.
Sharp the blade it bears till now!

THE TALL TOWN

COLLOQUY OF THE STATUES

(The Avenue. Night Before Pershing's Parade)

Goddess, goddess, dream you or drowse you?
Horned Diana of Madison Square,
Bending your bow at the stars that house you
Hunt you the Hyades, way up there?

Over my chase curves the moon-ship, cruising,
Flapping the skies like a cloud-white drake;
Cellarer Mars and his stars are bousing
Glories of light at her cruddled wake.

Sherman, Sherman, where are you riding?
Winds atoss in your brazen hair,
Down where the buildings are giants striding,
Where are you riding, away down there?

Ride? I would stir not for twenty stallions.
Yet, when your braggarts of planets fade,
I shall march with the young battalions,
Leading the van of the long parade!

Steed of the Pentecost what are you thinking?
Golden charger whose eyeballs glare.
Snuffing the smoke that is wine for your drinking
What are you thinking, away down there?

Musing, I wait till the torrented forces
Shake the black crowd to a crash of cheers
At the measured trample of Liberty's horses,
The iron eyes of her cannoneers!

Whose is your guerdon now, bright palm-bearer?
Courier of Valor none gainsayeth,
For the old great cause, or a new cause fairer,
Angel of Courage and Love and Death?

Freedom's my guerdon. Her least word spoken
Is a wind to shuffle the kings to sand,
And the chains of oppression are utterly broken
When she smites men's hearts with her fiery hand!

Her old cause sleeps. To her new cause splendid
I carry my palm like a flag unfurled;
To the march that ends and is never ended!
To Freedom's drums in the blood of the world!

So was it once when my Father thundered.
So shall it be until Man is grass.
Peace, old friends, for the night is sundered,
And with morn the leaping bayonets pass!

LUNCH-TIME ALONG BROADWAY

Twelve-thirty bells from a thousand clocks, the typewriter tacks
and stops,
Gorged elevators slam and fall through the floors like water-
drops,
From offices hung like sea-gulls' nests on a cliff the whirlwinds
beat,
The octopus-crowd comes rolling out, his tentacles crawl for
meat.

He snuffles his way by restaurants where lily-voiced women
feast,
He pokes his muzzle through white-tiled caves, and gulps like
a hungry beast,
He roots into subterranean holes, he sweeps hell's tables bare,
His suckers settle and fix and drink like wasps on a bursting
pear.

The wildcat quarrel of traffic soothes to a smooth rolling of tires
And the waterflow sound of the feeding brute as he pads by
the cooking-fires,
His body shoulders the canyoned streets, his gluttonous mouths
expand
And he laps the fat and flesh of the earth as a cat laps milk
from a hand.

Slowly the greedy claws curl back, the feelers recoil and close,
The flood is setting the other way with the avalanche pound of
snows,
Heavy and hot as a sated bee, enormous, slower than oil,
The beast comes shuffling to lair again, his lips still wet with
his spoil.

THE WALKERS

(*Strike Pickets — Lower Fifth Ave.*)

It is past day and its brilliance, it is not yet sumptuous night
For the moon to shine on gardened roofs like a white nut peeled of its husk,
The march of the ant-hill crowds below is like sand falling from a height,
And the lost horns of the taxis cry hooting through the dusk.

Gray as rain in an autumn wood when the skies are pale with cloud
Are the light and the street and the faces where the elephant busses roll,
Dark motors shine like a seal's wet skin, and they and their rich are proud,
But the walkers are dim and aimless on a dolorous way of the soul.

I watch, and my soft, pleased body cries for the rooms with lights like flowers,
For the delicate talk of women, and music's deep-perfumed smart,
And I sweat at the walkers crushed by machining, implacable hours,
And in torment I turn away — but their march is over my heart.

They are helpless as drifting weed, they are stung with insane impatience

At themselves and their lords and their hunger no toil can feed
till it sleeps.
They are racked earth hating the plow, they are dung at the
roots of the nations,
They are wheat that will not be bread and burns at the scythe
that reaps.

Ensigns of honor they bear not, their songs are ignorant
clamors.
I hate their joy and their fear. I am bitter afraid of pain.
But the pitiful tune of their feet is trampling my soul with
hammers,
And I must follow them out in the desolate face of the rain.

From the silken-furnitured halls, from the golden and pleasant
places
To the lurching and crippled march that an idiot voice pro-
claims!
To Man's face suddenly made from a million poor men's faces!
And each walker arrayed with suns that are burning celestial
flames!
Ask not watchword nor sign — there is neither tocsin nor
clarion;
Only the strength of the flood, the might of the falling snow,
The cry of the bitter clay to the God who devised it carrion,
The purblind silence of sleep, as night to the night we flow.

8:30 A. M. ON 32ND STREET

The wind sniffed like a happy cat
At scuttling beetle-people,
The sunshine would have roused a flat
To try and be a steeple.

My breakfast in me warm and staunch,
Your letter in my pocket,
The world's a coon that's climbed a branch
And I am David Crockett.

Time hoards our lives with griping care
And barren is his bursary,
But he'll make diamonds of the air
Upon one anniversary!

Five years ago I saw you first
And knew in every part
The flagrant and immortal thirst
Love salts into the heart.

Five years ago the Pleiad crew
Sang in their starry hive,
Because a miracle like you
Could dare to be alive!

Five years, and still, through earth's degrees
You, like a pageant, pass;

Courageous as invading seas
And careless as the grass.

Pauper poets of rimes grown thin
Mutter their madhouse wrongs.
I have aeons to love you in,
Ages to make you songs!

Pour your rain on the bitter tree!
Harrow the soil with spears!
I shall grow you Felicity,
After a million years!

The street-signs winked like smiles at me,
The wind pawed by enchanted!
The sun swung high for all to see
I'd stop him if I wanted!

CHANSON AT MADISON SQUARE

You live in the Terminal Building, I
In the Metropolitan Tower.
This is what I send you every night,
A flash of red and a flash of white,
The red for our hearts and their pulse that is Delight,
The white for power.

You have hung your home with crimson lamps,
Apples swinging on a tree,
They band like a ring round that tall stone thumb,
They ladder up its sides like the spillings of a plum,
I must climb and pick them all ere our double kingdom come
Where the motors roar like sea.

You have crowned your hall with granite thorns,
Mine stands huge as steam.
It carries all Time like a watch upon its side,
And the slow hands sway like the cautious feet of Pride,
Doling out mortality to Moloch and his bride,
And to us the clear Edens of our dream.

The city lies at ease and her lazy paws of light
Claw idly up and down the sky,
She strikes peacock-Night on his phosphorescent fans,
And he shudders into jewels and his eyed and blinking vans
Shake their ocean-nurtured purple on the turrets that are Man's,
And I love you and we cannot die.

Shut your eyes — you are tired — let the blue bed of air
Be your pillow through the hot short night.
We are children lost together in a wood turned rock.
We are gods whose eyes are Wisdom, and Olympus is our mock.
Drowse into your Paradise! I say above the clock
" White — red — white — red — white! "

HYMN IN COLUMBUS CIRCLE

(*After Seeing a Certain Window Display*)

Man in his secret shrine
Hallows a wealth of gods,
Black little basalt Baals
Wood-kings heard in the pine,
Josses whose jade prevails
Breaking Disaster's rods;
Prayers have made each one shine.

Man's is a pious race.
Once he knelt to the moss,
Ra, Astarte or Jove,
Deities great and base,
— Once his questionings clove
To the stubborn arms of the Cross
That smote all lies in the face.

Here is a new desire,
One of his latest lauds
Throned on marble and praised
With the lovely softness of fire.
Signs acclaim it amazed,
Its window-altar is hazed,
And every gazer applauds
The tremendous rubber tire.

APPLES OF EDEN

THE ETCHER

Unconsciously you sketched it in,
The supple throat, the firm, sweet chin,
The hair, wood-brown, leaf-brown unrolled
But hesitating into gold,
The face — a flying face and young . . .
Lashingly deep the acid stung,
Charring my soul's most stubborn plank,
A long way in it burned and sank.
Your tool cut sure, your tool cut deep!
It roused my rebels from their sleep!
Black Fortitude, the torture-wise,
Whose eyes can beat down lions' eyes;
Song-happy Valor, long denied;
The stubborn sergeant men call Pride;
Humor, whose clear and mocking bells
Cleanse the sick mind like crystal wells;
Love in white wool that burnt like fire,
And trampling on abased Desire!
Their shining raiment bright as hail,
They rose and cried and were in mail;
Strong guards, impenetrable towers,
Their swords grew round your face like flowers!

You started out in careless sort,
But Kings have come into your court.
And spear-bright Princes vigil keep,
Where that your acid bit so deep.

A shifting border wholly mine
About that face you etched — a sign
That, devil-come or devil-go,
What man I am, you made me so!
You stirred the sluggard, taught the clod,
Came and were merciful and God
To the mewed hawk with blinded eyes
And flung him out across the skies!

Yet I have some of you — I hold
A portion of your sacred gold!
It was by steel and flame you taught
And, though the lesson stands cheap-bought,
A curl, a word, a face remain,
For I have bought them with my pain.
With bloody coins from hands cut through
I here claim part and lot in you!
For hells of fire, and hells of ice,
A corner of your Paradise!
You may not leave my soul unfed;
Dies it, then part of you is dead.
For every pageant of my foes
A portion of your shining goes.
You can forget the triumph-girt,
But not the silly boy you hurt.
You burned too deep, you seared too sure,
The bonds you forged are most secure,
Through splitting earth and rending sky,
We are together — you and I!

GRAND LARCENY

What have you done to me,
You, of the Helen-touch?
You with the noon-bright hair
And the voice like streams?
Day has become a cloud!
Season and order such
Shapes as a wizard air
Weaves out of dreams!

I was glad ere you came;
Now I have great unease.
You who have stol'n my soul
As you'd pluck a leaf!
Starved and wind-bitten oak,
Yours the Hesperides!
— Satan consume you whole,
Beautiful Thief!

Where have you locked it up?
Drowned it in colored pools
With your moods' goldfish or
Swathed it in words?
It should go raggedly,
Hard from the scorn of fools!
Whippings may hurt it sore!
Where are its birds?

What — you will give it back?
Flowery your footpath then!
Songs of your grace I'll sing
Sleepier than bees!
Hasten, oh wind-beloved!
Grant me my own again!
— What is this shining thing,
Under the trees? —

Tremulous, lucentine,
Sun-wave or heart of star —
What is this magic you
Proffer for mine?
— Closer the wonder draws —
(Those are your eyes!) But are
All paradises true
Then, oh Divine . . .?

You should have taken gold
For your soul's treasury!
Not this poor kettle,
Clay to all spears.
Isn't gold heavy, though! —
We shall rust airily!
Heavenly metal!
Years upon years!

NOVEMBER PROTHALAMION

Rubicund Autumn, red as a cardinal, clasps his hands in the wine-chill air,
Shaking down gold from the tattered leafiness, waving his torch till the sky's aflare,
Stars that sparkle like steel in a swordhilt burn the black water of night's lagoons,
Out in the frost-rimed waste of the corn-field are yellow pumpkins bigger than moons!

Pilfer the nightingale's throat, my jackdaw Muse of the rebel and dark pretends,
Steal one note from the silver babble that tells all Heaven a lark ascends!
Stretch but a claw toward the dream-voiced pipes that Pan left whispering under a tree!
Flute thou the tune to the rapturous dancers, let Io Hymen your cadence be!

"Io Hymen!", a chorus of voices sung in the temple of Love the bright,
"Eros, lord of the honey and flame, we bring you guests for your hall to-night!
Grant them such marriage of heart and purpose as mates the hand to the perfect sword,
The lips of courage, the eyes of truth, and the body of ecstasy, Eros, Lord!

Grant that their years like rocketing gems of a necklace snapped at the throat of a priest,

Differ from each by the color and shape, but in ardor and excellence none are least!
Loose on them Trouble and Pain, swift leopards, to be taught and tamed by their crystal wills!
Fling to them mountains to overcome that their feet may be glad on the necks of the hills!

Every immortal must put on dust at a time all know or he is not God,
These shall take seizin of Death together, the dream shall break in the crumbling sod.
But they shall inherit the resurrection, when Death has unloosened his strangling cord!
Since they have endured they shall see your face where there is but Eternity, Eros, Lord! "

Therefore, Muse of the motley garments, indolent thief of obscure Romance,
Puff your cheeks to your penny whistle! fillip the feet of the flying dance!
Blow out your soul in a torrent of music — even the trees are like lamps ablaze!
This is the song of the red-leaf wedding that ended the jack-o'-lantern days!

EXPRESSIONS NEAR THE END OF WINTER

If I but had my longing! not opals sad and rare,
For noble stones are proud things, and best befit your hair;
Not purple-buttoned waistcoats, nor sack to drink me deep,
But white, smooth sheets to lie in — oh I'd sleep, sleep, sleep!

And the corners of that bedstead should be olivewood so green,
And the gentle swan's-down pillows should have comforted a queen;
With a canopy above me, of azure silk outspread,
Four carved evangels at my feet and magi at my head!

And no sun should creep there, and but small starlight,
And the whole room be odorous of gardens known at night;
The thick scents of evening, the attar of the rose,
Should take away my weariness both drowsily and close.

You would come on tiptoe, like the whisper of birds' wings,
With a quite small music and some occupying things,
And draw up close a cushion, and bend a cautious ear,
And say "Now don't disturb him — for he's tired, poor dear!"

And then, both handfast, we would dream long days,
Till the dry world shimmered to a sleepy, happy haze.
With no cares to speak of — no silly fools to fret —
Oh my great, proud longing that I'll never, never get!

LOST LIGHTS

"Let's not be sentimental!"
You said, oh dear delight!
Well, you held Heaven's rental;
And who was I to fight?
"Cool friends, alert and laughing,
And blessed by Plato's snow.
But other wine for quaffing,
Be sentimental? No!"

I took you at your own word.
— Fool while my life shall last!
And found the "friend" a stone word,
And knew the radiance past.
The comradeship by snatches,
The love that lit my days
Went out like burnt-out matches
Before your husband's gaze.

He strokes you with caresses
Too sugared to be sweet,
And fatly pats your tresses,
And binds your swift-winged feet;
And you've no thirst to slake from
The gold of each new June.
Nor ever dare to break from
Your sticky-bright cocoon.

I could have held you cleaner,
And free as clouds are free,
And shared you with nought meaner
Than sun and stars and sea.
But I'd a sense of humor
— At least you told me so —
And pride beyond all rumor!
And so I let you go.

Life breaks us — that grows plainer.
And wit declines to gall
With none of us the gainer . . .
It seems a shame — that's all!
When truth about me nears you
You'd better shut your eyes.
And you — his sugar smears you.
And the air crawls with flies.

COME BACK!

When we were not magnificent, nor heavenly, nor wise,
And all our thoughts were clean and round, astonished as our eyes,
Our life slid on untroubledly, as shiny-smooth as silk,
And sugar-loaves from Paradise enriched our bread and milk.

But one day, in a closet where the grown-ups put some things,
We found their elephantine clothes, and laid aside our wings.
You gloved your arms with Common-Sense, and corseted in Pride,
With starchy skirts of Knowledge stuck out yards on every side!

I laid aside Companionship for crimson Cloth-of-Pose,
And stuck a blind man's spectacles upon my foolish nose,
And found a little whisky-flask of Irony or two —
And we played up to each other as we'd seen our elders do!

We were Prince and sapphire Princess — though the jewels hurt your throat;
We were haughtier than Pharaohs — and I sweltered in my coat;
So we dared not shirk the ending, for our very ruffles' sake!
— Though a bad dream's ice to choke you if your clothes won't let you wake!

So, the Tragic Crown weighs heavy on that summer-shining head,

And — the scarlet of my doublet drips the wet where I have bled —
And the grown-up phrases jangle, and their harps make angry noise —
Helen of the angers, let us put aside these toys!

Put away your wisdom, and I will feed the vines
The little drinks that eat me, and the sunset-colored wines!
Come beneath the apple-bloom, beside the pinky pools,
With awful maledictions on the two who were such fools!

Run, and be as darting as the sunlight through a tree!
Sit, and sing a silly song of apricots with me!
Innocence, oh Innocence, with whiteness on your names,
Come into the crooked wood and help a child play games!

RESURRECTION

(To J. W. A.)

The black sky scowled, abased and flat,
On streets gaunt as an alley-cat
And dry as misery or dirt —
I'd tramped them till my hot feet hurt.
Now — beaten as a beaten pup —
I hummed to keep my courage up
A stupid song I'd learned at school;
Though all the words ran back to "Fool" . . .
Still, spite of all my flesh could feel,
My mind kept on its burning wheel,
Its blazing wheel of great aims lost,
And how her face was white — almost —
The day she'd spoken, kind and kind,
And left me eating night and blind;
So I slouched on till town was past
And scrubby country came at last,
Pinched as ingratitude. Across
The sky clouds towered, boss on boss
Of a black shield thrust down on earth
And spanning planets in its girth;
While white fire flickered in the South
Like a dog's tongue about his mouth.

A few hot raindrops spat my cheek —
A cicada began to creak —
And slashing lightning like a sword

Unleashed the waters of the Lord!
Roaring and heavy, gushing clear
Through dirt and raggedness and fear,
They struck before I'd time to curse,
They soaked me like a leather purse!
Caught in the terrier mouth of rain
I had no time for thought or pain;
Dripping and running like a brook
With wetness everywhere I'd look,
Fresh-mated with the fierce keen scents
Where Spring had pitched her lilacked tents!
Almost alive I tramped the wold
Until a stick slid; and I rolled
Head over heels asprawl in wet,
. . . And something in me overset,
Snapped, went to pieces . . . and I laughed
And laughed till men had thought me daft!
I beat my sides until I'd cry
At the dull ape that had been I;
That solemn insult to the earth!
I shook the bushes with my mirth,
And rose — and reeled with mockeries
Of silly sky and idiot trees,
Weak as a straw — but heart and head
Arisen starry from the dead!

So, staggering with laughter still,
I crossed the run and climbed the hill,
Knocked at your door and called to you,
And made you shriek with laughter too.
You dried my clothes and gave me food
And wine, to show that God was good.
And, after speech that flapped like birds,
I said you these prophetic words,

"We shall ascend Olympus yet,
Though scorpions the way beset!
And plant our banner, *Deus vult,*
Over the Tower Difficult,
The lilied banner, badged with gold —
Oh, we shall live before we're old!
And drink the ale of Tartary
And eat the spice of Trebizond,
And battle with the serpent-sea
That roars round Alicant the fond!
And princesses with ivory crowns,
And girls in green, moon-spangled gowns
Shall aid our high assault till we
Have passed beyond the Topaz Sea;
And found the quests that made us meek,
Whose very names would burn the cheek
With worship and with ecstasy,
Those rippled names on which we cry —
Those eyes we saw a while agone —
But there's adventure to be won!
And slit-eyed men and ring-nosed men
Shall bar our glorious way again
That proud armadas' trampled shards
May make a new song for our bards!
For we are young — and youth is steel!
Hark! at our shattering trumpet-peal
The spaniel worlds slink in to heel!"

"*Eh bien* — the fire's gone out," you said
"And I'm tired, too. . . . Let's go to bed! . . ."

FLOOD-TIDE

(Maine Coast — 1917)

Life went whistling a tune between the plum and the cherry,
Rolling a blossom of pink like almonds under his tongue,
Looked at us all as we grew, and made exceedingly merry.
"Lord! how I'll dibble and prune, when you aren't so beautifully young!

There was moon like a spilling of milky sap from the sky
And the tree of the sky was a candle of creamy flame,
Each white-fire-leaf of a star distinct; and old wind went by
Hooded in dark and ashamed as it whispered some muttering name.

We were huddled up in the launch like a sleepy parcel of birds.
The plunging silence engulfed us. We heard, as if we had died,
The throb of the engine's heart erase our tiptoeing words,
And the slow mysterious mouth of the water against the side.

If you dripped your fingers awave, wet star-dust clung to the skin,
Spangling the wax-cool hand with the pollen and seeds of dawn,
And the wake, like a fish of fire, went twisting alive within
The willow-dark cage of green, and in splinters of foam was gone.

Then we saw the cloudy old house, and the waters deep at its
stair,
Bright in an endless flood, irradiate, calm and wise,
Like the milk-white body of Truth asleep in her naked hair,
And the blood and strength of the Earth arose to our dazzling
eyes!

Quiet, quiet and quiet, said the march of the wave beneath.
Oh, immaculate shone the mind while the lotos of silence grew!
And the sore heart heavy with youth was a clean blade straight
in its sheath,
As we drank with a matchless dream in that chrism of salt and
dew!

*Death jams down on his spade in the bloom of our elvish
orchard,*
Even the root-curls crawl at the skeleton jokes he cracks;
*Let's make rhymes for a while, as our Youth goes out to be
tortured!*
We shall remember a moon till they hew us under the axe!

THE SONG OF COLD AND PAIN

Colder than leopards' eyes the arc
Where all the freezing stars go round,
Black wind runs trotting to the dark,
Striking cold hoofs on the cold ground.

The body crawls, the sinews scrape,
Knotted and cramped by fingering cold;
It shrinks my flesh into the shape
I shall not break from when I'm old.

And yet my shoulders lift the air
That weighs like ice, that pours like lead,
For cold's a thing the flesh can bear
If desperation's in the head.

The wooden head needs other pyres
To warm alive its wooden wits!
But in this cold there are more fires
Than ever burnt a sun to bits!

Inside of cold, inside of pain,
Past each last tingle of the sense,
The flame called God ascends again
In all its raging innocence!

It is the scarlets of the white,
It is the seeing of the blind,

More furiously clear than light
It burns like snow upon the mind.

I built my house with Pain for wall,
I filled its halls with Cold for wives,
And twenty years have bade it fall
And it shall stand for twenty lives!

I hung the doors with griefs I had,
Fear was a grape I crushed to wine,
And not an angel good or bad,
Can bŏast such feasting as is mine!

The fire that on my hearth exults
But Pain and Cold could throw and tame
Till now I know in every pulse
The last intensity of flame!

In that excruciating joy
Have Cold and Pain my judgment writ,
Though it exalt me or destroy
I must arise and follow it!

Life is a vapor, dreaming South,
A sleepy field 'twixt stream and stream.
Death is a dream that shuts the mouth
— Until you live inside the dream.

WISDOM-TEETH

When I was a man and a very young man
I straddled the wings of Boreas!
For I was the high gods' drinking-can,
My rhymes were their ale uproarious!

But they've poured out the posset of youth to cool
And I shine like an empty tankard
With a witless smile at the heavenly pool
Where the moons of desire float anchored.

The bubble of sugar I swore was love,
The purge that I knew for knowledge,
I'm bare of the lot, and the winds above
Are teaching me more than college!

The lash comes down and the yell goes up
And the flesh of the fool keeps shrinking,
But vinegar Time must scour the cup
Till it's clean for a draught worth drinking.

Pour me the stars of the seraphim
Or the wine of God's chastising!
All that I ask is the flooding brim
Where the tides of the heart are rising!

All that I ask is the ache of birth,
Lords of the Planet Tally,
And a girl to follow around the earth
Or the wreck of a cause to rally!

Naked dirt that came from the dirt,
Cup of your giant pleasure,
What care I how your nectars hurt?
Fill me again, full measure!

THE KINGDOM OF THE MAD

"The progress of life is through the kingdom of the mad. . . ."
Claude Gex (Warren's translation).

THE ORIGINAL IMPULSE

If I could lay my head upon
Your breast, where it has never lain,
And know there was an end to pain,
And feel between my clasped hands, one
Slight brown small hand, lean as a boy's,
And hear the murmur of your voice —
Utterly peaceful, lapped around
With sleepy harmonies of sound,
Forgetful of the wings, the ruth,
The bitter-sick unrest of youth,
The causeless fight that scars the will . . .
But there's the eternal combat still!
The banner struck with darts like sleet,
Implacable before defeat,
And I must fight the bad game through!
So take these verses made for you;
Half-shadowings of the thing I meant,
Blurred visions of a clear intent,
The gems of paste that may not shine,
Romantic gilt, sardonic brine.
And when this agony is past
I shall return to you at last,
From the lost cause — the fruitless quest —
And you will smile and give me rest.
Rest . . . and the peace I never knew . . .

Oh I shall ask great things of you!
So keep this rhyme, and we'll not quarrel!
Perhaps, next time, I'll bring you laurel!

LUNCH AT A CITY CLUB

(*For, though not to, D. M. C.*)

The member with the face like a pale ham
Settles his stomachs in the leather chair.
The member with the mustard-colored hair
Chats with the member like a curly ram,
Then silence like the shutting of a clam,
Gulps, and slow eating, and the waiters' stare —
Like prosperous leeches settling to their fare
The members gorge, distending as they cram.

And I am fiery ice — and a hand knocks
Inside my heart. Three hours till God comes true,
When there's no earth or sky or time in clocks
But only hell and paradise and you.
Life bows his strings! I shout the amazing tune!
. . . The dullest member drops his coffee spoon.

THE KNOCKOUT

The bell clanged "Time!" again. The boxers sparred,
Creep-footed, tiger-muscled, cautious-eyed,
Love the bright pugilist with his glance enskied,
Fate swart as rock, indomitably hard.
Slashing the battle joined of bull and pard
With blows like hammerstrokes. A thick sob died
In the crowd's throat. Fate's poison-smile grew wide,
His mountainous fist ripped Love's too-careless guard.

Fate smashed the reeling struggle to the ropes,
Poised for the knockout; hurled his brute attack,
— And suddenly was lying on his back —
"Nine — Ten!" the slow words came like punctured hopes —
Laughing I clapped, and winked at languid Love.
I *knew* he had a star inside his glove!

DEVOURER OF NATIONS

"Strength shall be thrust to the Eater,
And down to the Strong One, sweet."
Was ever a proverb neater,
A phrasing more apt, or meeter,
To fix on our Course-Completer
As we end Life's beat?

You'll decorate quite the scarlet
And secret hall of his tongue —
With your clasped hands marble and chilly,
And your face like a frozen lily —
For Death is a luscious varlet,
And likes maids young!

So there's the end of it, Nelly!
Of you and your purple hat!
And I, your impotent Shelley,
With czars and pariahs smelly,
Shall tapestry well his belly,
That gray, round Rat!

ABRAHAM'S BOSOM

So the world darkened, as if ink were poured
Over a picture, clotting jammily;
And there was really nothing left to see,
And I was just beginning to feel bored
— They might have let me drive the hearse at least!
I'd love to dangle on the plumes and kick
Fat-vested mourners — when, in half a tick,
Light gurgled from the sky and filled the East.

I walked on something squashy like a tire,
Rebounding heavily where'er I trod,
Set with black plants that grew like tangled wire . . .
I'd just begun to look around for God,
When mountains fell, the skies gaped crimson-shot
And thunder took the earth. . . .
A voice said "*Vot?*"

PROHIBITION

" I wouldn't mind if it were gin! " he said,
" Good gin's like ether, sick with pungent sweet,
And rum I never liked — not even neat!
Champagne and such stuck pins into my head.
Old port was sunlight where a ruby bled.
The silky-bright liqueurs had twinkling feet
Like gipsy children running down a street;
And beer's as old a brother as good bread.

Still, I could give them up! " he mused and sighed
Like a poor scrawny gust of city wind,
" But it's the precedent that's bad! You'll find
Things worse Hereafter . . . I'd a friend who died.
And . . . well, damned souls had never much to tell . . .
But now they've stopped the Lethe, down in Hell! "

MORTUARY PARLORS

The smooth, unobtrusive walls say "Hush!" in a voice of honey and meal,
The refined and comforting chairs protest that sorrow may be genteel,
They are all hiding the dead away, they are huddling them off to forget . . .
— I would rather scoop a hole in the sand till my hands ran blood and sweat,
I would rather raise my friend on a pyre for the lightning to do its will,
I would sooner leave my dead to the dogs — they are happy over their kill —
Than to bring them here to this oily place to lie like a numbered sheaf!
— This servants' quiet can have no room for my racked and horrible grief —
The windows smile with the smiles of masks, the curtains are specters walking,
And Death, the obsequious gentleman, comes rubbing black gloves and talking!

TALK

New words are my desire, new verbs to scan,
Chaste paradigms that never sold themselves,
And adverbs from the leaf-talk of the elves,
With dog-faced articles, unknown to man;
Low-pattered syllables that trot like sheep
Round out my mouth and mind with holy peace,
And I have found redemption and surcease
In Babylonian nouns like bulls asleep.

Who can be hopeless saying "Bethmacoon"?
"Aleery" is an opiate for all pain.
— And I shall swim beneath the Idiot's Moon,
And climb the crags that tower in my brain
To feel the kreeth of Morning touch my lips,
Where Ocean plays with his smaranthian ships.

NEARSIGHT

When Spruggles takes his glasses off, he sees.
Globular people strut like walking trees
Through a strange, oozy mist that melts to air
Some thirty feet before his blinking stare
And all the edgy corners of the streets
Are puffed and bulged like bottle-'scaped Afreets!
— There are no definitions. All is dim.
A yellowy underworld, where trolleys swim
Enormous as a magic, and the least
Rice-powdered shop-girl, like a vesting priest
Assumes estranged beauty, cloudy-far,
Desirous as a water-mirrored star.
— The houses are cartoons — So is his wife —
He thinks " Grotesque " would be the word for Life.

BEFORE MICHAEL'S LAST FIGHT

The lightning quivers up in Gabriel's hand,
Whetting his sword on a bleak ridge of cloud,
And all the stars of hell are crying loud
At the bright insult of that sparking brand.
The demon-torn and devastated land
Smokes like a field of salt wild fire has plowed,
Athwart it towers Satan, thunder-browed,
Black at his side his Princely Evils stand.

After our fated triumph, some will drink,
Those who had girls will kiss the girls they had;
But I shall wander on the starry brink
And feel divine, and, beautifully sad,
Sing my one song about you to the void;
And make the angels horribly annoyed.

ALWAYS THE SONNETTEER

Though I were old and mad and poor and dumb,
And your name were a blasphemy to say
For which men came and beat me, every day,
With seven-foot bull-hide whips — yet should they come,
Red smiles upon them, since I had no tongue,
And gasp with horror . . . at black ant platoons
Wheeling in ordered state to form the runes,
The hero-word I knew when I was young!

With this poor body, worn to rags and skin
By the chained stalk of the uneasy mind,
I'd take the blows and watch the fun begin;
Groping among the stars, meantime, to find
The Dipper made a letter — seen by God —
And Mars, perhaps, might serve as period.

PORTRAIT OF YOUNG LOVE

If you were with me — as you're not, of course,
I'd taste the elegant tortures of Despair
With a slow, languid, long-refining tongue;
Puzzle for days on one particular stare,
Or if you knew a word's peculiar force,
Or what you looked like when you were quite young.

You'd lift me heaven-high — till a word grated.
Dash me hell-deep — oh that luxurious Pit,
Fatly and well encushioned with self-pity,
Where Love's an epicure not quickly sated!
What mournful musics wander over it,
Faint-blown from some long-lost celestial city!

Such bitter joyousness I'd have, and action,
Were you here — be no more the fool who broods
On true Adventure till he wakes her scorning —
But we're too petty for such noble warning!
And I find just as perfect satisfaction
In analyzing these, and other moods!

TWO MORE MUSES

When this amusing planet is bereft of me,
They will depart who made my noonshine night;
The dwarfed and crippled wizard to the left of me,
And the enormous lady on my right!

The lovely largeness thinks of silver sandals,
Pale marbles swallowed up in yellow rain,
Dear ruffians dicing long beneath blurred candles,
Romance and thunder and the Spanish Main.

But, as she pours each sparkling hope before me,
His ivory eyes unstopper just a chink,
And, low remarking "too much sweet might bore me!"
He slips a painted acid in the drink,

Which I must taste, intolerably bitter,
Sauterne and quinine, saccharine and gall,
And try to please them both when death were fitter,
And never have my true desire at all!

So chained we sit — until I leave the human —
And I shall praise old Skullface, if he can
But rid me of that smooth and comely woman,
And the small, laughing, devil-twisted man!

OPERATION

(For J. F. C. Jr.)

Bound to the polished table, arm and leg,
I lay and watched, with loud, disgusting fear,
The army of the instruments draw near,
Hook, saw, sleek scissor and distorted peg;
My eyes were like a spaniel's when they beg,
The nurses' purpose was so very clear
. . . And though I tried to bite one in the ear
She stayed as white and silent as an egg.

Time, the superb physician, drew his breath,
"I'll just remove Youth, Health and Love," he said,
"The rest is for Consulting-Surgeon Death."
God how I hated that peremptory head!
As through the ether came his sickening drawl
"Now this won't hurt. . . . Oh, it won't hurt at all."

THE TRAPEZE PERFORMER

(*For C. M.*)

Fierce little bombs of gleam snap from his spangles,
Sleek flames glow softly on his silken tights,
The waiting crowd blurs to crude darks and whites
Beneath the lamps that stare like savage bangles;
Safe in a smooth and sweeping arc he dangles
And sees the tanbark tower like old heights
Before careening eyes. At last he sights
The waiting hands and sinuously untangles . . .

Over the sheer abyss so deadly-near
He falls, like wine to its appointed cup,
Turns like a wheel of fireworks, and is mine.
Battering hands acclaim our triumph clear.
— And steadfast muscles draw my sonnet up
To the firm iron of the fourteenth line.

EPITAPH TO BE SPOKEN

When I am very dead and rather cold,
Say merely this, "Here lies a rebel town,
Whose alleyways contained for chief renown
Gods, logwood, cassia, antelopes and gold.
Here traffickers embarked for desperate shores,
Here was a bickering of steel at times;
And fifty thousand unconvicted crimes
That shocked the souls out of my counselors.

Friend of my arrogance, city I burned,
Have peace — now you are prouder grown than Troy;
And will not bring me lions, or a flower.
Or cauterize the fools we both have spurned;
Or hasten, singing, toward a mad employ,
On two thick stilts, some thousand yards an hour."

JUDGMENT

" He'll let us off with fifty years! " one said.
And one, " I always knew that Bible lied! "
One who was philanthropic stood aside,
Patting his snivelling virtues on the head.
" Yes, there may be some — pain," another wheezed.
" One rending touch to fit the soul for bliss."
" A bare formality! " one seemed to hiss.
And every one was pink and fed and pleased.

Then thunder came, and with an earthquake sound
Shook those fat corpses from their flabby languor!
The sky was furious with immortal anger,
We miserable sinners hugged the ground:
Seeing through all the torment, saying " Yes,"
God's quiet face, serenely merciless.

BOARDING-HOUSE HALL

First the stuffy upholstered smell of the chairs began
To puff a few sighs of dust, and the sticky-varnished
Reek of the cheap worn wood had a verse to scan
About Love and Death and Beauty, fly-spotted and tarnished.

"I never liked her at all!" said a green glass bowl,
And a whiff of anger whitened the broken plaster,
"Her eyes were too big!" cried a smell with paws like a mole.
"She was slinky," the pinks spoke. "Thin," creaked a broken
castor.

"She was greedy. She never loved him. She powdered her
nose."
Pale-calm as a specter's gem in the shadow-playtime,
The ghost of the perfume hid in her hair arose
And shook dark wealth from its robes and possessed the day-
time.

Like a scented tree of Egypt it burgeoned above,
For a space of quiet like myrrh, for the flash of a feather . . .
They were still, who had seen the dead, happy face of Love . . .
— And the smells of the onions trooped up the stairs together.

BLOOD BROTHERS

The blunt snouts of a dozen worms or so
Were busy at the thing that had worn clothes,
As conscientious as a lot of clowns
And quite as self-absorbed.
Beside the grave
A figure stood in armor, stood and blazed
With the pale dazzle of an April moon,
Rippling a steely silver from his wings
That trembled in their fierce desire for air;
Armed like an angel, blazoned like a king,
And proud as charging seas first seen at dawn.
The worms raised up their heads and spoke to him.
He answered like a father to his children,
Praising them all for honest, quiet work,
And pointing out new pastures.
And they bowed;
Again became a stir among corruption.
He looked upon the seethe with steady eyes
Of awful friendship.
So I left them there,
The three immortal parts of John J. Jones.

WATCHMEN

Six of us were your guards, slayers of fear,
Humor, the parti-colored, juggling knives,
Rhyme with a sonnet train of elfin wives,
Friendship, as solid-indolent as beer;
Love with his harp you thought a trifle queer,
But most amusing — if he walked in gyves.
Trust and myself made pillows of our lives.
And so you bore with us for quite a year.

You wearied. Humor twinkled to a star.
Rhyme turned a broker and began to add.
I'm sure that Friendship went entirely mad;
And Love crept stalely drunk from bar to bar.
Only remained the bald old dog, blind Trust
And I — and we shall growl till both are dust.

"LES CRUCHES CASSÉES"

Even old sofas can be reupholstered,
Covered with chintz that blinks with dragon's eyes;
Worm-eaten chairs that tell too many lies
May yet be painted, puttied, somehow bolstered;
A rickety piano has a tuner
To plink it back to musical surprise;
And frugal housewives, strictly pennywise,
Cement burst jugs and make them healthy sooner.

But where's the tinker-devil who will clout
Our cracked-up selves till they hold love once more?
Oh you can smooth your curlylocks, no doubt!
Look what a mess we've made on Life's clean floor!
You can't patch leaky clay. There are no cures.
And it was your fault, yours! "*No, yours!*" Yours!
"*Yours!*"

P. P. C.— MADAM LIFE

All through the heavy plush of afternoon,
Your muffin-hands in your upholstered lap,
I listened to your voice like maple-sap
Trickle and whisper from its sugary spoon
Grandmother-talk, a drowning warm lagoon,
Weakling advice, slow anecdotes of pap —
And longed for fins to wave or wings to flap,
Or anything to end the visit soon.

Now the call ceases — there shall be no other —
Dowager Life, I bend above your hand.
Flung from your hothouse to the tempest-smother
Your fright calls Death and dares not understand!
Such a nice chat! Oh, taking leave is hard!
But — here's my body for a calling-card!

POSITIVELY THE LAST PERFORMANCE!

So here's an end — and all the truth of you
Is said that can be said — and all the lies.
Clear for the fools who never saw your eyes,
Since you insist we are not one, but two.
Well, fifty years remain to jingle through
In which we will not meet, as you surmise;
And, after that dull masque has changed its guise,
Suppose we make the sun our rendezvous?

Naked and white and beautiful you stand,
Reining your fire-maned coursers with one hand,
And birds are in your laughter as you turn
That gaze of clear perfection to my own,
And meet the petal-kiss that seems to burn,
And makes us less divisible than stone!

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA CRUZ

This book is due on the last **DATE** stamped below.
To renew by phone, call **429-2756**
Books not returned or renewed within 14 days
after due date are subject to billing.

Series 2373

STORED AT NRLF

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA CRUZ
3 2106 00842 1551